

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

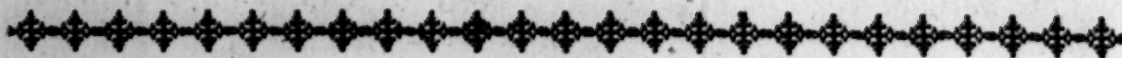
M A S Q U E.

AS PERFORMED AT OXFORD.

Set to Music by Mr. HANDEL.

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ACIS and GALATEA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

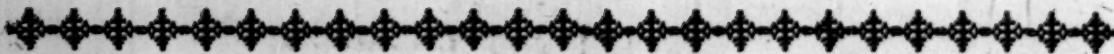
GALATEA.

DAMON.

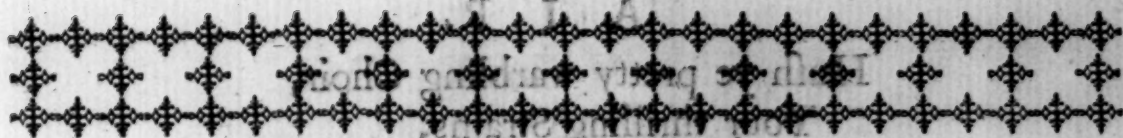
ACIS and GALATEA.

CORYDON.

POLYPHEME and ACIS.



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ERNEST LEWIS GAY
JUNE 15, 1927



A C I S and G A L A T E A, &c.

C H O R U S.

O The Pleasures of the Plains,
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains;
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the Hours away.

For us the Zephir blows,
For us distils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Rose,
And Flow'rs display their Hue;
For us the Winters rain,
For us the Summers shine,
Spring swells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleasures which ye yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales to cool my Love.

A I R.

B

A I R.

A I R.

Hush ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains,
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce Desire.
Cease your Song, and take your Flight,
Bring back my *Acis* to my Sight.

A I R.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming Fair?
Direct the Way kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you saw my Dear,
Seeks she the Groves,
Or bathes in Chrystal Fountains?

R E C I T A T I V E.

DAMON. Stay Shepherd, stay,
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley stray;
What means this melancholy Air,
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
Heedless running to thy Ruin,
Share our Joy, our Pleasure share,
Leave thy Passion 'till To-morrow,
Let the Day be free from Sorrow;
Free from Sorrow, free from Care.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ACIS. Lo, here my Love! Turn *Galatea*,
Hither turn thine Eyes;
See at thy Feet the loving *Acis* lies.

A I R.

A I R.

Love in her Eyes fits playing,
And sheds delicious Death,
Love on her Lips is straying,
And warbling in her Breath ;
Love on her Breast fits panting,
And swells with soft Desire ;
No Grace, no Charm is wanting,
To set the Heart on Fire.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. O didst thou know the Pains of absent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

A I R.

As when the Dove,
Laments her Love
All on a naked Spray ;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long Day ;
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs, lasting Love,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove.

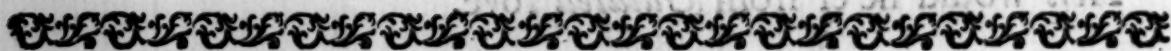
D U E T. ACIS and GALATEA.

Happy we, happy Pair,
What Joys I feel,
What Charms I see ;

Of all Youths thou dearest Boy,
Of all Nymphs thou brightest Fair,
Thou all my Bliss,
Thou all my Joy.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy we,
What Joys we feel,
What Charms we see,
Happy, happy, happy we,



PART II.

CHORUS.

Wretched Lovers, Fate has past
This sad Decree, *No Joy shall last!*
Wretched Lovers quit your Dream,
Behold the Monster, *Polypheme*;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain sounds, the Forest shakes,
The Waves run frighten'd from the Shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars!

RECIT.

R E C I T A T I V E.

POLYPHEME. I rage, I melt, I burn,
 The feeble Boy has stabb'd me to the Heart;
 Thou trusty Pine,
 Prop of my portly Steps,
 I lay thee by;
 Bring me an hundred Reeds
 Of decent Growth,
 To make a Pipe for my
 Capacious Mouth.

In soft enchanting Accents let me breathe,
 Sweet *Galatea's* Beauty, and my Love.

A I R.

O ruddier than the Cherry,
 O sweeter than the Berry:
 O Nymph more bright
 Than Moon-shine Night,
 Like Kidlings blyth and merry;
 Ripe as the melting Cluster,
 No Lilly has such Lustre,
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging Flame,
 And fierce as Storms that bluster.

R E C I T A T I V E.

POLYPH. Whither, Fairest, art thou running,
 Still my warm Embraces shunning.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
 Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin stay.

R E C I T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

POLYPH. Thee *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
 Calls to Empire and to Love;
 To his Palace in the Rock,
 To his Dairy, to his Flock,
 To the Grape of purple Hue,
 To the Plumb of glossy blue,
 And Wildings which expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
 And swill full Draughts of Human Blood.
 Go, Monster! bid some other Guest,
 I loath the Host, I loath the Feast.

A I R.

Cease to Beauty to be suing,
 Ever whining Love disdaining,
 Let the Brave, their Arms pursuing,
 Still be conquering, not complaining.

A I R.

CORYDON. Would you gain the tender Creature,
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
 Suffering is the Lover's Part.
 Beauty by Constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the Blessing,
 Lifeless Charms without the Heart.

R E C I T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ACIS. His hideous Love provokes my Rage,
Weak as I am I must engage ;
Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

A I R.

Love sounds the Alarm,
And Fear is a flying,
When Beauty's the Prize
What Mortal fears dying?
In Defence of my Treasure
I'd bleed at each Vein,
Without her no Pleasure,
For Life is a Pain.

A I R.

DAMON. Consider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleasure,
That flatters our Hope in Pursuit of the Fair ;
The Joys that attend it
By Moments we measure,
But Life is too little to measure our Care.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth,
Trust my Constancy and Truth ;
Trust my Truth and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious still to Love.

A I R.

A I R. *Acis and Galatea.*

The Flocks shall leave the Mountains,
The Woods the Turtle-Dove,
The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
E'er I forsake my Love.

POLYPH. Torture, Fury, Rage,
Despair, I cannot bear.

A I R. *POLYPHEME and Acis.*

Not Show'rs to Larks so pleasing,
Nor Sun-shine to the Bee;
Nor Sleep to Toil so easing,
As those dear Smiles to me.

POLYP. Fly swift, thou massy Ruin, fly,
Presumptuous *Acis* die.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Acis. Help *Galatea*, help ye Parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

C H O R U S.

Mourn all ye Muses, weep all ye Swains,
Tune your Reeds to doleful Strains,
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the neighbouring Shore,
Oh, the gentle *Acis* is no more.

S O L O.

GAL. Must I my *Acis* still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that Stone?

C H O R U S.

[II]

CHORUS.

Cease, *Galatea*, cease to grieve,
Bewail not whom thou canst relieve.

S O L O.

GAL. Must the lovely charming Youth
Die for his Constancy and Truth?

CHORUS.

Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art,
The Goddess soon can heal the Smart.

S O L O.

GAL. Say, what Comfort can I find,
For dark Despair o'er-clouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

To the kindred Gods the Youth return,
Through verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. 'Tis done, thus I exert my Pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

A I R.

Heart the Seat of soft Delight,
Be thou now a Fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a Chrystal Flood:

C

Rock,

Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose,
The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows:
Through the Plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy Tears,
Acis now a God appears;
See how he rears him from his Bed,
See the Wreath that binds his Head:
Hail! thou gentle murmuring Stream,
Shepherd's Pleasure, Muse's Theme.
Through the Plains still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle Love.

S. I N I S.